

Let's Make a Deal by TheCharleeMonstah

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Summary:

okay i put two requests into one here..

1. how about making a deal with jim that if he goes to karaoke night with you and sings a duet, then you'll do whatever he wants when you go home?
2. how about a fic where Hopper uses handcuffs with the reader? cause we know the bastard uses those for something more than police business

Let's Make a Deal

Author's Note:

fair warning, he get a bit rough with reader, but not without making sure she knows her safe word and making sure shes okay with this more than once during.

“I hate everything about this Idea, Y/N,” Hopper sighed, taking another swig of Schlitz before lighting up his third cigarette of the evening. Three beers ago, you had asked him to get up on stage and sing karaoke with you and you still hadn’t convinced him to do so yet. Hawkins had only just got a Karaoke machine not long ago and you were dying to try it ever since they first starting popping up in the U.S., despite how unpopular they were. You thought it sounded like fun.

“Oh, come on, Jim!!” you whined, tugging his sleeve, “You know I’ve been wanting to try this since they talked about it in the news a few weeks ago and it would be so much fun!!!” He raised a brow at you, dragging hard on his cigarette. “Okay... What if...” you got real close to him and whispered, “What if you do this for me and... I’ll do anything you want tonight?”

He hesitated, rolling his cig in his fingers, “Anything?” He finally asked.

“Anything.” You held out your hand and after a moment he shook it.

“Fine... but only one song, and I get to pick. If I’m making a fool of myself in front of the whole damn town, at least let me do it my way...” He slammed the last of his beer and put out his cigarette,

sighing as he stood up. “Come on... get your ass up there before I change my mind.”

You practically bounced up to the the stage, pulling Hopper along. Once people started to notice who was getting on the stage there were plenty of whoops and cheers. Powell and Callahan were sitting at the bar, shouting out, “ YEAH CHIEF!!!”

“I’m going to kill them both tomorrow,” he said, walking over to the man controlling the machine. Hop was so confused as to how this worked so the man ran them through it. Once Hopper picked a song, he turned to you and tried to breathe. “Okay... I hate you...”

“What did you pick, ass hole?” You laughed, looked at the little screen.

“It’s not exactly a duet but he said it would tell us both when to sing? I don’t know, Y/N, you start...”

Once the music started playing, you started to sway your hips, holding your microphone and punching your boyfriend in the arm for being so stiff. Once the lyrics on the screen started lighting up, you began to sing.

“When the night has come, and the land is dark, and the moon is the only light we’ll see, no I won’t be afraid, no I won’t be afraid, just as long as you stand, stand by me. So darlin’, darlin’, stand by me, oh now now stand by me... Stand stand by me, stand by me” You sang, trying not to giggle at the face he was making. However, just before your part ended, he gave you this evil smirk that let you know he was up to no

good.

“If the sky, that we look upon, should tumble and fall, and the mountains should crumble to the sea,” He looked directly at you, not even reading the damn screen, with this voice you had never heard from him before. You admitted, you hadn't taken him for a singer but... god damn... *“I won't cry, no I won't shed a tear!! Just as long as you stand by me!”*

The little screen said you both sang the next chorus and the rest of the song together, so you joined him, your voices melding together perfectly. You couldn't help but blush at how his voice burned your core, and laugh at that stupid, stiff little dance he did when he got into the music.

Once the song ended, Hopper pulled your hips to his and bent you backwards, leaning down and kissing you in front of everyone. Most of the bar started cheering for you both and you ended up being the embarrassed one as you made your way back to your booth.

“Hopper...” you said, sliding into the rounded booth.

He laughed at you wholeheartedly, sliding in next to you, “What? I told you it wasn't a good idea.”

“You never told me you could SING like that?!”

He laughed harder, flagging the server for another round of beers,

“What you assume just cuz I’m a shit dancer that I can’t sing? I mean I wasn’t even sure if i still could but...”

“What? Wait, what... When.... You used to sing?” You were still admittedly a little in awe.

He shrugged, lighting up another cigarette, “Back in... high school... I think? I don't know, before nam I guess.”

You shook your head, taking a swig of beer as soon as the server brought it over. “Jim Hopper you never stop surprising me...”

He chuckled, putting his arm around you and kissing your head before taking a swig of schlitz and watching the next sorry schmuck walk on stage with his girlfriend. “So... anything I want, huh?” The look on his face was so smug that you almost choked.

“I’m in for it, huh?”

Hopper could barely wait to touch you, kissing at your neck before he even got the door to the cabin open. You were so happy that Jane had gone to sleep over at the Byers’ with everyone because the two of you were only a few feet in the door before knocking shit over and making too much noise.

“You ready for me, sugar?” He asked, his voice low and gruff, the way that made your head spin.

“God, Jim...” You mewled, being pushed against every wall and nipped at on the way to the bedroom, “Yes...” You raised a brow when he grabbed his hat off of the coat rack, placing it on your head. You were starting to guess where this was going.

When you finally got to the bedroom door, he stopped you from coming in, telling you to wait with the biggest, shit eating grin you had ever seen on him. Jesus Christ, what have you gotten yourself into.

A few minutes later, the door flung open and he yanked you into the room, kissing you like a damn animal again and taking his hat back. He was dressed in his damn uniform with the shirt undone. Good god....

“I love you, Y/N,” he whispered, panting already, “You promise you tell me if it’s too much?”

“I love you too and... yes?”

“What’s the safe word?”

Your eyes widened and you hesitated, looking him up and down, realising your fate. “Uh... Poughkeepsie?”

“Good... You use it, okay? If you need to?”

“Yeah okay,” you answered, but that wasn't what he was looking for. He pushed you up against the wall again, arm over your chest.

“I'm sorry, what?”

“Yes, sir!” you corrected yourself. There was a glimmer in his eyes like a predator cornering his prey.

“That's right,” He spun you around, facing the wall and you heard a metallic click behind you followed by the touch of cold metal around your wrists. He pulled you by the shoulder, bringing you to the bed and forcing you to bend over it, all in one swift motion, just as he would if you were an actual criminal. He bent over you, holding you in place as he whispered in your ear, “You've been so fucking bad, baby girl, haven't you? You think you deserve my cock tonight?”

“Yes, sir,” You bit your lip, you both had gotten rough in the past but it was nothing like this, “Please, sir.”

“There's my good girl...” he growled, raising your skirt and slapping your ass hard, making you yelp out, “What was that?” He paused, waiting for your response, just in case it might be your safe word.

“More, sir!!” you moaned, a little grin growing on your face. He slapped you once more before lifting you with one hand, pushing you against the dresser this time, you saw him in the mirror, the grin on his face, how dominant he looked, his bare chest heaving and puffed out. He held you down with one hand as the other pulled down your

panties before digging through on of the dresser drawers for a condom. You couldn't help but stare, his eyes darkened under his hat and filled with lust. You would be lying to yourself if you hadn't fantasized this exact position with him before.

After you heard his belt come undone and the zipper of his pants, he bent over you, pushing his covered cock at your opening, "You want this?"

"Yes, sir," you moaned. God you wanted him. His force had already made you drip with need. He only broke character for a second to kiss you on the back of your neck in a way that assured you that this was all in fun, the extra caution he took with you making you want him even more.

He pushed his cock into you all at once, causing another yelp out of you before he pulled out slowly, making sure he was wet enough. When he was sure, he instantly started bucking into you, still holding you down with a hand on your back and one gripping your waist. "Fuck," groaned, making eye contact with you in the mirror. You couldn't stay quiet like this, moaning louder than ever, screaming his name over and over as he rammed himself into you.

"Bet you'll think twice before making stupid deals with Jim Hopper, won't ya?" he panted, grinning at you from under that damned hat.

"Yeah," you whined, laughing, "But who knew you were a regular Johnny Cash, huh, Jim?"

He put more pressure on your back, ramming into you harder, "What

was that? What did you just call me?”

“CHIEF!!” you yelped, crying out in pleasure as he slammed against your back wall, “FUCK, CHIEF HOPPER!!”

“That’s right, baby,” He laughed, moving his hand to tug your hair, “Who’s your fucking chief?”

“You are... you are, sir.”

“Hnngh, fuck....” he brought both of his hands to the dresser, propping himself up and hanging his head slightly. His rhythm began to falter, “Say it again.” his tone was softening against his will too.

“Chief,” you mewled, sweetly, “Mmm fuck me, Chief Hopper...”

“Oh shit...” he groaned, thrusting in harder than before a few more times before he let out a growling moan, falling to your back and holding you still with two, strong hands on your biceps. He held you there like that as he came, moaning loud without holding back.

Once he was finished, he pulled out and quickly discarded the rubber, grabbing the keys and undoing your cuffs, spinning you around and pulling you into the most loving hug.

“Fuck, baby...” he said softly, “I love you.”

You smiled, panting and shaking as he pulled you into the bed with him. He was practically on top of you, smothering you with love. "You okay, honey?" He asked. You nodded, giggling at the hundred kisses he was planting all over your body. Hop held you so close after that, kissing you slowly on the lips and rubbing your back. "Was that too much, did I hurt you?"

"No," you laughed, kissing him and caressing his cheek, "It was wild." He smiled, resting his forehead on yours.

"You're fucking amazing..." he noticed the red marks on your wrists and held them up, kissing them softly, a look of concern in his eyes.

"It's okay, Jim!" you laughed again, "Really, it was well worth it!" You kissed him deeper this time and then burrowed yourself into his chest where he held you so fucking close, kissing the top of your head and sighing happily.

The both of you spent the rest of the night cuddled close together like that, just talking and laughing and chain smoking until the sun came up. If there was one thing you were certain of, it was that the both of you had somehow grown even closer after that night.